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THE REAL LIFE

GROSSMANN

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**THE
REAL LIFE**

GIFT

LOUIS GROSSMANN

THE REAL LIFE

BY

RABBI LOUIS GROSSMANN, D. D.

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LIB. OF
CALIFORNIA

New York

THE BLOCH PUBLISHING CO.

1914

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TO VINU
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PREFACE.

A religion is true not by what it teaches but by what it achieves. What we demand is not that it have provable principles but that it train men so that they maintain and advance life. The Bible is not a book of faith but an account how men and a people worked out the great human problems; and history shows that the Jews have evidenced their faith in every direction of culture. Men are turning today away from the abstractions to the realities and find abundant and very appealing occasions for high-minded thought and motive in the humblest duty and obligation. Religion has become real and forceful in the very midst of the business of life.

The pages that follow were written under the stress of this conviction.

LOUIS GROSSMANN.

Cincinnati, May, 1914.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Live Your Life.....	1
2. Can We Count Upon Public Opinion?.....	3
3. Life is in the Open.....	5
4. Are We Losing Respect?.....	7
5. The Merchant	9
6. The New Year.....	11
7. The Model Tenement Movement.....	13
8. The Restless World.....	15
9. Help in Winter.....	18
10. The Opening of the Schools.....	20
11. What are We Proud Of?.....	22
12. The Great Disaster.....	24
13. Our Common Human Nature.....	26
14. Know Yourself.....	29
15. Migration	31
16. Religion as a Utopia.....	33
17. Social Religion	35
18. What Charity Does for Us.....	37
19. Labor is not Slavery.....	39
20. George Washington.....	42
21. The Real Reform.....	44
22. The American is Everywhere.....	46
23. We Teach Everything Nowadays Except Will-power	48

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
24. Will Power.....	50
25. The Strike.....	53
26. War	55
27. Passover is the Festival of Liberty Under the Law.....	57
28. The Cincinnati Idea.....	59
29. What Snow Means.....	62
30. What Has Become of Wonders?.....	64
31. What is Education For?.....	66
32. Democracy of Children.....	68
33. God's Open World.....	70
34. Business is Honest.....	72
35. We Need a Reform of the Home.....	75
36. Tinkering with the Law.....	76
37. The Festival of Bread.....	78
38. Every-day Heroes.....	80
39. What Is Man Worth?.....	83
40. Winter	85
41. Justice	87
42. Facts	89
43. "He Lived".....	91
44. Sacrifice	93
45. Silence	95
46. Beauty	97
47. Real Art.....	99
48. Interest	101

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

LIVE YOUR OWN LIFE.

Men were formerly interested in the origin of things. Now they are interested in the maintenance of things. Religion formerly urged and answered the question how the world came to be; nowadays we ask it to tell us how the world is kept up. Holy books tell us that God created earth and heaven and man, but we want to know how we can make the best use of the earth and human life and of the wide world in which we move and toil. Instead of facing the past and the distant and the remote, we have our eye on the now, the here and the things we feel and touch. We have discarded our philosophies and have taken up the concrete facts with which we deal every day and at every turn. And we are not losers by the change. Life is absorbing, no matter at what end you take it up, and it is more interesting the closer we get to it.

Nothing in this varied world is so engaging and fascinating as another man. Finer poetry can be written about a human soul than about

flower or bird or sunshine, and the things that are are not half as impressive as the souls of a man. We are, in these days, very busy with the great business of human life and want to find out how to make it effective as it ought to be and may be, every kind of human life, wherever it is and whatever it is, and we want to be free from the wrongs which men have made and which cannot be considered respectable just because they are ancient.

Formerly men claimed standing among their fellow-men on the score of their descent and the past of their family. But now the time has come when the title to recognition rests on what men do, what they contribute to the good of their fellow-men, on what they are, they themselves. We cannot too much reassert our standard of judgment as to this, in this country and at this time. Men are apt to lose the true moral measure. Not he is a great American or an acceptable American whose father has achieved something, but he who himself is worthy and useful. Europeans look to the father, Americans to the man. The former way was to regard a man from the point of view of his descent. But we regard a man as to his ascent, as to how he rises, or fails to rise, by his personal qualities. Not

the past, but the present moment, is the crucial fact in a man's life and career. A wise father will not forestall his child's career nor fore-condition it, but will see to it that the son, the daughter, will have scope for self-development and will live their own lives.

CAN WE COUNT ON PUBLIC OPINION?

There was a time when public opinion was sovereign in this country. But within recent years a suspicion has grown up that it is neither as sound as it used to be nor as prompt to express itself, that the "public" is as fickle in this country as it is in every other and that a popular vote does not always tally with the people's real opinion and judgment. The strength of this country has consisted in the fact that its people were always trustworthy, that the people were usually on the side of justice and the right, and that, if need be, they were ready to back up their conviction.

But the life of the American people has become diversified, and divergent interests are so sharpened against one another that some men think the competitions and the commercial conflicts and industrial difficulties are

tearing men hopelessly apart. But they are mistaken. Nothing can estrange real Americans from one another or from the common national obligation and pride. Should an emergency arise, we should have the same patriotism and the same loyalty and the same capacity for sacrifice for the common good, as in the past.

This is brought out clearly by the contrast of European diplomats talking so lightly on the possibilities of calling out armies. They do not seem to care whether their people have an opinion of the justness of the cause. European governments go by the principle: Subjects must do what they are ordered to do. They must fight and give up their lives. That is all they have to do, when the call comes. But I imagine even in Europe the "subjects" are asking: Why should we lay down our lives? Why should we orphan our children, why should we bring our faithful wives to beggary—why?

Public opinion is the public conscience, and it is becoming harder to play the game of diplomacy with the stake of home and lives. In Europe the Green Table is still master; in this country, the national conscience. And we may be sure we shall have no war which the

people do not demand. It may be that we have grown a little more cautious about the "Voice of the People," but, after all, it is the most moral force in the world today.

LIFE IS IN THE OPEN.

In ancient times man was supposed to be at his best when he was alone. That was taken as the highest reach and lonely men were called holy men. Today a man who is out of touch with fellow-men is a useless man. His beatitude and ecstasy do not, in the slightest, enhance his value. For men ask of one another that each help in the work and business of life and contribute his ability and his manhood. No man has the right to ignore his fellow-men and every man has the duty to co-operate with the men of his town and time. In former days isolation was a great virtue, today it is a great vice and the source of most crimes. A paradox indeed: The saint comes close to the criminal.

It used to be refreshing to take a walk into the country and commune with nature, but nowadays it is much more refreshing and stimulating to seek out the streets and the houses where people congregate. We must look into the faces of fellow-men if we want to

understand them, and we shall never have the sympathy of men in the tragedies and romances and experiences that make up our life until we come near to and enter into theirs. He is likely to be the strongest and the wisest man who touches the lives of people at most points. The modern man is a social and a sociable man, and is sympathetic in every direction.

In ancient legends heroes were driven to wander and to shun contact with men, but in our civilization those men alone are great who come closest to us, who have the dominating passion to serve their fellow-men. Not the desert but the town makes for piety, and the contrast is between the convent where men die and the city where men live and solve the great problems of life and justice.

The lonely men are selfish and anti-social men, and the real men are those who have hearts and genuine pulse-beats, who have their eyes open and their hands warm. In many matters this age of ours is new and has new views, but, after all, it re-asserts healthy human nature which cannot be content unless it is free to give itself to sympathy and enthusiasm. This is a time of broad interests and of abundant activities and it has but one in-

ARE WE LOSING RESPECT? 7

tolerance: it cannot bear the man who excludes himself. Life is in the open and the man who avoids the open is either to be pitied or to be distrusted.

ARE WE LOSING RESPECT?

This is the age of the young. We want fresh energies everywhere. Men must be wide awake and vigorous. The merchant must be alert and the professional man original. All through our natural life must flow red blood. We are discarding many things of yesterday for the sake of one new thing of tomorrow. We have value for one another, not for what we have done, but for what we shall do. We look forward and urge on. For if we should turn back, the others pushing on would crowd us out or step across us. We have neither time nor patience. We have much to do and we must do it at once. Ancient notions cannot stop us, and things become old almost over night. Men used to stop in the street when a procession of the dead or of the pious passed. But they do not stop now. They are too busy. Old-fashioned courtesies and pieties have had to go. They do not fit into modern life and hurry.

8 *ARE WE LOSING RESPECT?*

Even the intimacies and sanctities in our homes have had to yield. The practical spirit has crossed their threshold, and parents and children are on a level. Either the young are lifting themselves up or the old compromise with the new condition. The father has become the companion of his children and they have become intimate with him. The old formalities between them have broken down and our homes have a new spirit. The old "respect" has given way to admiration and children now look up to their fathers with open eyes. It is splendid nowadays to be a parent. For there is no aloofness between young and old. There was a time when respect was awe and fear. Today it is admiration and emulation, and that father, that man is respected most and best who is most admired and imitated. The father is becoming the hero to his child.

In this way the American people are solving one of the greatest problems. The old kind of respect handicapped the young. They dared not go beyond its sanctions. The new spirit of respect sends the young forth to admire and to imitate. It has become an uplifting influence, a powerful moral force in our national life. Not only have we not lost the vir-

tue of respect and reverence, but we have multiplied its power and have sent the thrill of it in every direction. We admire the man of action in the shop, in the office, in the street, in the home. And we give him the best tribute we have. We imitate him.

THE MERCHANT.

The term market stands for a place where goods are exchanged. But the fact is that behind each piece of goods is a man who made it. The market is really a place where human ability is sold and bought. Things have no value until a man gets at them and makes them either pretty or useful. Even the things that nature gets up, stout trees or coal or metals, or animals with wool and fur, have value only because men have thought out how to use them. Commerce is a great play of minds, of ingenuity and enterprise. No man has a right to stigmatise business as "materialistic" and low-grade. It calls for mind, ability and character. And merchandise is not dead stuff, but a product of thought, fore-thought, industry, talent.

In the history of civilization the merchant

has been a great agent; he distributed what was needed, he awakened talents that slumbered, and with every new article he offered he enhanced the comforts and raised the tone of human life. Every discovery was a search for commerce and every invention an effort to advance it. Continents would be strangers and enemies if it were not that commerce binds and fraternizes them, and oceans would be dreary wastes were it not for the ships that float on them with precious cargoes. And all the arts and sciences and the high achievements of culture would be hollow and valueless and could not endure for a day without business and without that splendid rivalry and competition which call for dash and daring and moral stamina.

Business does not divide men, it brings them together. It is the most effective means by which nations co-operate. Export and import are like the pulses and the breathings of the national and the international life. Stop one of them and you stop everything. Not because you glut the market somewhere and you have on hand what you cannot dispose of, but because you stop ambition and paralyze the nerves of manhood.

This age is called the age of commerce, and

it is the greatest compliment it can get. Business implies cosmopolitanism, an open eye and a keen sense of mutual interests and essential needs. There was a time when a nation thought itself strong when it excluded itself from contact with every other. Today such a nation is weak and poor and doomed. There was a time when every nation thought it was self-sufficient; it could produce what it needed and would use all it had. And this narrow view we had even in this country until recently. Today we know, and every civilized nation knows, that every country must have its doors open and that the world's life must pour in from all sides.

THE "NEW YEAR."

Everybody has time, but the fewest know how to use it. Those who do are the men of success. Those who do not, are the men who fail. Some say, "Time is Money," but what they ought to say is, "Time is Life." Some rush through life, and some live their years with splendid leisureliness. Those who are in a hurry stumble; but those who have themselves under control go to their work with quiet de-

liberation and that is a time-saver and a life-saver. We have been celebrating "New Year" over and over again, but the most of us do not get any wiser. We keep on running through our days and losing our breath. This age is a classic age for runners. We all run, some on foot, some on wheels, and we run across one another and against one another and on all sides, and this we call "business" and "competition" and "modern method" and "necessity." Nobody seems to be able to stop himself; the social unrest we call "modern life" seems too much for all of us. But the man who can hold himself back and keep his serenity and patience has an advantage in the end. It is the old story of the tortoise and the hare. We think we will beat our rival by haste, but we find in the end that he beats us by simple patience. The modern world needs to learn afresh the elementary lesson that it does not pay to rush.

I doubt whether we of these days have time enough to be happy. Some of us take our happiness as some men take their lunch, standing at the counter. Of what use is it to celebrate New Year when the year means nothing to us, nothing that is real to human nature. Deep down in our souls we have a hunger for what

is restful and serene, and we are all of us starving for want of refreshing quiet. But the new year will not bring it to us, no more than the past year brought it, nor any future year will bring it. For the busy world is running faster and faster and everybody is in a hurry.

The moral problem we have is not how much more we should do, how much more methodically we should do it, not what we can get for our work, but what we can get out of our work, so that we can be happy with it and in it. Haste will never make men happy, but always discontented and wretched. The "New Year" calls for a revision and re-valuation of modern life.

THE MODEL TENEMENT MOVEMENT.

Charity and justice are not opposites, they are identical. By what I do for my fellow-man I do not mean to humiliate him but rather to help him get what is fair and due to him. Charity wants to make up for what is lacking and to establish what ought to be. The really charitable look very deeply into needs and rights and feel a great obligation. They regard what they do, not as a patronage but as civic

duty; they plan not so much to ease as to uplift. They have in mind the community and they look generations ahead.

This is quite well instanced by the Model Tenement Movement which has just been begun. It wants to make clean homes possible where now they are impossible and it is not broached in a spirit of patronizing philanthropy, but rather as something in which every citizen is involved, the denial of which even to one is a wrong chargeable to us all. That it should be difficult for any family in a city to have a decent home burns into the conscience of every one who has right feelings and right sense. We can explain, we can even pity vice and crime, knowing that they are born where homes are wretched. He will restore many to law-abiding lives who will sweep streets clean, fling windows open and let the fresh and sweet air into houses that are crowded and filthy and dark.

But even from the selfish point of view, it is good policy to get rid of infectious tenements. There is not a house and home in a city that does not affect every other house and home, for health or for disease, for morality or for immorality, for law and order or for crime. If we want to be secure in our own homes we

must see to it that everybody else shall have a home worth having and keeping. The right to home is elementary and inalienable. The young man, caught red-handed in crime and dragged before court, may rise to defend himself: "I had no home such as in the sight of God and conscientious men I had a right to have, and it was denied to me." Fathers and mothers stagger under the burden of life and return from their drudgery to rooms cheerless and cold and damp night after night; who will blame them if they have not heart enough left in them for household pride? Pride in the midst of squalor! Or rather who will not blame himself for permitting conditions that dishearten and degrade fellow-men? The movement that will brighten homes is one of the finest and one of the justest ever undertaken. It appeals to our sense of right and to our wisest forethought.

THE RESTLESS WORLD.

The world is indebted more to the travelers than to the stay-at-homes. This is true in these days of ours when business is dependent upon them, but it has always been true, for

civilization is not possible without the import and the export of ideas as much as of goods. All the great events in the history of mankind are connected with adventure, whether it be of a Columbus who discovers a continent or of an Alexander who conquers one. Thousands crusaded across Europe to satisfy their faith and thousands traversed the seas to satisfy their greed. Abraham in ancient times emigrated from the cultured East into primitive Palestine to erect new altars, and the comparatively modern Puritans abandoned England and took up the hard tasks of pioneer life under the frown and threat of savages for the sake of their conscience and an ideal. The traveler brings new thoughts, a new will and a new zeal. The travelers have been the real missionaries of the world and it is open to question whether Livingstone has not done more for civilization than for religion.

The commerce of the world is dependent, not upon those who produce it but upon those who distribute it, and the culture of mankind is not in those who absorb it as a private refinement, but in those who dispense it. We call our age an age of restlessness. But every age that was active has necessarily been restless. Enterprise is the heart of life, whose

pulses beat unceasingly. It sent forth the Phenicians thousands of years ago and the medieval Venetians and the fleet of Columbus and inspired them to dare and endure perils. Mankind is a swarm of thinking, planning, ambitious human beings who do not hesitate to go to the ends of the earth to seize the things that are valuable. The gold coin in the pocket has come from some mine, who knows where? The wool on our backs has been shorn and woven by whom, who knows? The luscious peach we enjoy flourished at one time in far China, and we know that the American potato is now a staple in Ireland. Men have traveled the world over in search for food, ages ago, and they do so to-day. And men have taken their religion from the East, their art from Greece, their laws from Rome, their music from Italy, and in fact every country sends out its trailers of influence into every other. There are no boundaries put up by politics which civilization does not transcend. Railroads, the type of human enterprise and the modern vehicle of migration, are interstate, international, intercontinental.

HELP IN WINTER.

There is no monopoly possible in festivals. People have always regarded winter as a time when they need one another's help and when they would please one another by exchanging help. There are winter-festivals all over the world. Winter is the time of greatest stress and people feel they ought to come to one another's rescue then more than they feel it the rest of the year. We who live the modern life and have access to conveniences and comforts, despite the restrictions of the cold season, may not be able to think ourselves into the primitive days when the winter festivals were real and necessary. The winter-ice and the frozen rivers and the impassable roads made life hard and home cheerless, and months of isolation through snow and ice made men dependent upon savings and mutual assistance. Then exchange of gifts was a genuine service and had real religiousness in it. The sectarian reasons for our festivals which are alleged now are merely after-thoughts. The point in a festival is a need, a human need, and the point of all winter festivals is that men need one another, in

the cold season more than ever. The fact that people are thoughtful for one another, that they cheer one the other at a time when each one has so much hardship of his own—that makes a winter festival real and human in the best sense. It is quite unnecessary for church-religions to intrude here; natural human sympathies are sufficient to bring men together.

All this has reference to merely personal needs and personal services. But the modern life calls for larger thoughtfulness and for doing good with a wider reach of influence. We do not limit our kindness to the house of our neighbor, but we think of what the community needs and may claim at our hands. The benefit we intend for one should be really meant for all. Human sympathy has always been the most universal fact and in the winter it has amplest opportunities. But not on one day of the winter only; for generosity and neighborliness and charity are spurious and unreal and false if they are limited to one day and forgotten when that one day is gone. We have had many winter festivals and many gifts have been given and many happy excitements have come and gone, but is the world any better, really and substantially, through them? Let the winter festival cease to be conventional and

20 *OPENING OF THE SCHOOLS.*

formal. Make it real. A real conception of it will establish a permanent interest. Men need much more than they ever did and poverty is felt more keenly than ever before. Men of sympathetic sensibility have a great call nowadays, and the contemplation that many homes are cold calls them out to help, and when men help they have a festival.

THE OPENING OF THE SCHOOLS.

The re-opening of the schools is a civic event of first importance. And we ought to give it the most circumspect thought. For the children may make or unmake the future of their city. We have responsibility toward them as to the kind of lives they will have and we have an obligation to the city as to the kind of citizens we furnish to it. There are many ways to secure prosperity to a town, but there is none more direct, more effective and more lasting than that of fitting out properly those who will take our places in it. Let it be understood the schools are meant to train character. They are not here for the sake of the three R's, but for the sake of those who are to become men and women. Nor do we maintain schools

OPENING OF THE SCHOOLS. 21

merely to take care of boys and girls that they may be equipped for their personal and private advantage. We give them the public benefits and put so much at their disposal that not merely their parents, but the community may have the returns out of their efficiency and fitness. The public schools are for the public good. Parents should think of this and teachers should respect it as the standard of their profession.

The teacher is a public servant and the destiny of the city is in his hands—especially today, when school-work is so real to the children, so practical and so concrete. If it should turn out at the end of the school-year that the children have not been raised in the respect for life and duty, an expectation which I do not have, it will not be the fault of the school-ideal nor of the management, which is generous and expert, but of the parents who are apt to regard the school in a mere traditional way, and of the teachers who often do not lift themselves to the plane of their obligation.

The schools are perhaps the only instance of the communal life in which we all can practice forethought and secure what will remain and have value after we are gone. It is not additional capital or a factory more that makes

22 *WHAT ARE WE PROUD OF?*

real progress for a city, but better men and better women, and a saner and sweeter conception of life. It is the duty of the parents to watch throughout the school-year that their children grow in the sense of what is true and right and beautiful, and to enter a protest if they do not. But they will have a right to protest then only when they have themselves fulfilled their obligation and have used their influence in their home and in the intimacies of the family life as they should.

WHAT ARE WE PROUD OF, ANYWAY?

There was a time when Americans talked in superlatives. Everything American was "the greatest thing on earth." We are becoming more modest, for we are beginning to realize that we have our limitations, even if they are the limitations of our youth. We produce many talented men, inventors, men of enterprise and big men who do big things on a large scale. But we see now, what we did not see before quite so clearly, that we have problems in this country, problems of government, problems of business, and above all problems of poverty and crime and disease, and they

have set us thinking and we are more cautious with our boast, seeing that these political and industrial and social problems are so hard to solve. About one-third of the American people live in tenements; one-third at least, are discontented with their work and the returns they get for it, and one-third are constantly on the move, in search for employment and some relief from the hardships and the insecurity of labor. A time of great and insistent problems has come and we feel our unpreparedness to meet them, as we have never felt before.

This would be very humiliating, or at least very embarrassing, if it were not for the extraordinary moral awakening that has come at the same time. Never before were American citizens so interested in one another as they are now. The great problem of justice is becoming a personal problem for each one of us. We are not satisfied any longer that we have our private rights. We want to see that everybody, even the least amongst us, is given his due. We are thinking of the children of the poor, not merely from motives of charity, but for public-minded reasons, to protect the growing generation and to secure a sound and healthful race for this continent in years to come. We want clean politics and wise states-

manship, not only so that we ourselves may have less annoyances and less scandal, but that we may have clean cities for our children and an equitable government that will be stable and reliable. And we are reconstructing our laws so that every man who is worth his hire will get what he deserves and what he earns and will again feel himself safe and secure in the panoply of American manhood that needs not bend the knee to any one.

If this is a period of problems, it is also a period of splendid revival of citizenship. The citizen of today thinks not only of his vote but also of his duty. And of that we may well be proud. The American citizen of today has breadth of thought and breadth of sympathy and breadth of vision.

THE GREAT DISASTER.

It is said that disasters set us thinking. But the fact is they start our feelings. It is also said that they paralyze us, physically and morally, and indeed they do. But there is a compensation; they awaken nobilities and heroisms. Our lives are common-place, and our commercial virtues into which we lapse

so comfortably hardly do justice to the range and the height to which human nature can reach. Only a great shock, it seems, releases the real generousities and the real sympathies. One manly service rendered under the stress of an aroused imagination is worth more than a whole year's formal and perfunctory "charity."

No doubt, wiseacres shrug their shoulders and urge all sorts of profound reasons why disasters should not be. But the point is that, while nature is sometimes at its worst, human nature can even then attain to its best—though I doubt that weak levees and unguarded river-beds are "Nature." And the lesson of it all is not that we may justify or accuse any one, or the One, but that we should realize that, after all, when men face the real life, they are near to one another and help one another. It is splendid to see the courage men have to save the imperiled, and the tears they have for the dead and dying. If a flood is the triumph of brute nature, the love and the pity and the quick rush to rescue and the tremor of sympathy all over this land and the thousand-fold services of the near and the far is the triumph of man.

And there is another compensation for us.

We are forewarned. We pay a terrible price, I know, for the right wisdom and caution, but we have also a great stake. Thousands are dependent upon what we do or fail to do in our towns, and we must have the wisest prevision. And then, let us confess, we are slow to learn and, it appears, we learn only when we are forced to be alert. Many disasters have gone across the earth, but we forget them easily. Providence is a terrible disciplinarian and its pupils learn so sluggishly. But we learn surely, though slowly. When we shall have carried the last victim to his grave and cleansed the last home, and return to our homes, drying our eye of the last tear, we shall be the better for it all, better to one another, better in ourselves, and better and wiser for the future.

OUR COMMON HUMAN NATURE.

We need nothing so much at this juncture of our national life as the reformation of the home. It is not simply a question whether the poor ought to be given better tenements or the rich forego their extravagances, but what we are and what we do, whether we are

interested in and whether we are loyal to those with whom we live. The issue is moral and not economic. The men must have love for and attachment to their home, and not merely for its comforts. Their ambition must make for the subtle delights of the family life and find in these its reward and fulfillment. Rich and poor must have a common term in the anxieties and the pleasures which mingle and alternate within a genuine home in which each one thinks and feels himself into every other. The simple life will come just as soon as we give scope to genuine human nature. And human nature is in all of us, no matter how poverty may weaken our flesh or prosperity fatten it.

Every man prefers sweet innocence and is at his best in its presence, and he seeks it and respects it in inverse ratio as he misses it. A time will come when men will recoil from the sensualities which now are amusements, and from the trivial attractions which draw them from the sanctities of the home-life, not only because of the surfeit they will have and the disgust they will feel, but because human nature will re-assert itself, that human nature which always reserves the last and the best word.

Business, wages, enterprise, the theater are servants and should never be masters. We work because we want our home, we do not keep up homes because we want to work. The factory, the shop, the town-life are not bigger, they are smaller than the humblest home of the humblest family. Men are in stores and factories not because they love goods and tools, but because they love wives and children. Workingmen who rise early and return tired think the long day long of those at home, however simple it may be. The voices of loyalty and affection are loud in office and shop, louder than the noises of the busiest street, if only we would stop to listen. The man who employs and the man who is employed are nearer to one another than either knows. An unseen bond of equal human nature is between them. And some day they will see it and respect it in one another. The man who wears gloves locks his desk and goes to his home, and to his home also goes the man whose hand is calloused and who flings his hammer from him. The love for home equalizes us all.

KNOW YOURSELF.

The best we can do is to be like everybody else. Only the few can be better. There is a standard to which we all conform, not merely because we must but because we cannot do otherwise. To be within the average is, after all, all that can be expected of us. To be sure, each one wants to be prominent, but each one eventually lapses to the common level, and that is the great paradox of life: Ambition goes along with impotence. In politics we call this mediocrity democracy, and in religion we call it brotherhood. It is interesting, and sometimes pathetic, to see how some men strive to reach out after things they can never get and to attain to positions they cannot hold. The wonder in this struggling world is not that so many attain to eminence as that so many fail to get it. There are many aspirants and the struggle is so desperate.

The men of these busy and strenuous days need not so much a spur as a check. Especially in this country, the man who will sober us up and frankly exhibit the futility of so much ambition and passion will help many and bring them a calmness which is, indeed, and ought

always to be, nine-tenths of life. The discontent of the average American is not in him because he cannot get the rewards which he claims, but because he claims more than in his conscience he knows he ought to claim. There is equality not so much in what people possess as in what they wish.

But all things would be right and fair if only we would let our common human nature talk. That would make us all content. We are brought into conflict with one another through a wrong measure of ourselves rather than through a wrong measure of our competitors. The American man of the smallest business as well as the man of large affairs errs most in self-judgment. It is hard to assert oneself, but it is still harder to understand oneself. Self-assertion and self-knowledge are not the same. The American knows, perhaps, how to assert himself, but he still has to learn how to comprehend himself. Noah, says the Bible, was just in his generation. Perhaps it is better to be just to one's generation, but it is best of all to be just to one's self, and that is hardest. But it is the most beautiful and the most effective morality we have, even in our day of social ethics.

MIGRATION.

The human race is always on the go. Thousands of railroad trains are rolling along tracks in all directions every moment of the day and night, and families are packing up their household goods to settle and try their fortune somewhere anew. Not only the ancient Goths and Vandals and the Huns, but modern men and women and families, and even entire nations, as nowadays out of Russia in despair and out of Italy and Hungary because of poverty, prove the fact that life is restless. Successful people go where they can get more joy out of life, and those who have met with failure in one place go to seek a better fortune in another.

And aside from the personal reasons that lead many to shift from place to place, the all around migration is the pulse-beat of human life. No nation in Europe is today on its original ground and the American people is merely a swarm to which immigrants go, as bees to the hive. And this constant movement is a necessity. Civilization cannot do without it. It is like the circulation of the blood. Men would not be in-

telligent without this exchange and nations would come to a standstill and degenerate. Travel, migration, the coming and going of men from city to city, from nation to nation, from continent to continent is the heart-throb of the world.

Matthew Arnold said: "One-half of the American people is busy to carry around the other," and he meant to criticize us. But he really described a natural, a necessary condition of every healthy nation and if he had looked beyond us he would have found that his epigram applies to the whole human race. The fruit we enjoy came, long ago, from China, the horse we ride on from Persia, the wool we turn into our raiment from India, and the science we apply to our commerce and the art with which we fill our leisure hours come from Germany, from France. And, on the other hand, Americans traverse oceans and the boundaries of distant lands to bring to men what these cannot think out and cannot make for themselves.

The commerce of the world is really a great migratory movement whose currents hither and thither flow on forever. No nation is sufficient to itself, and every nation pours life-blood into every other. That nation,

however, is the soundest that makes amplest provision for the interchange, and that nation is doomed that closes its doors against it. In the legendary account of many peoples the pre-historic hero came from an unknown region, from across the sea, or, as among the ancient Israelites, from Ur of the Chaldeans.

RELIGION IS A UTOPIA.

Religion is a Utopia, a way in which we think out an ideal world, such as we would like to live in. In former days some thought out this desirable best world as if there were nobody else to live in it except they, each one for himself. That was a sort of selfish religion, when men wanted to get out of life as much as possible and not put anything into it, except, it may be, prayers and "belief" and "faith." We have changed this, we of this day and age. We put into life and into this world as much as we have and try to put into them more every day and in every way; and we know that we cannot get out of this life and out of this world more than we have put into them, that is, when we count the real returns worth having and keeping. Wealth is a real return as little as poverty

is. That many find out, always to their regret and often too late.

There are various utopias that lift men above the commonplace and give them satisfactions that wealth cannot make sweeter nor poverty purer. No age has had more of the utopias than ours; we have the religious utopias as all ages have had them and more unselfish ones, and we have the social utopias, which are breaking down differences, pride on the one side and isolations on the other. And we have the industrial and economic utopias, which some day will bring contentment to homes and enable the laborer to go to his work with a song as he once went, long ago. In all departments of life and interest men are working out some utopia: the workingmen in their unions, the capitalists in their "foundations" and "funds," the statesmen with their "international leagues," and the average citizens with their "societies." The doors of the churches have been flung open and men are running in all directions to find the Just God somewhere, somehow. And they find much that is worth while to pick up, wherever they go.

Everything that ennobles life for others as well as for oneself is a religious achievement.

Some help us to ennoble it by making the earth under our feet mean more and better, and clear it for more men; some re-interpret for us truths that seemed trivial, and give them a new and broader and deeper meaning: justice, for instance; social justice becomes a cause and a religion; and some believe they can serve their fellow-men when they bring us face to face and prove to us thus that we are kindred and that we misunderstand one another because we have kept apart and have not come together. The finest utopia wants to bring men together.

SOCIAL RELIGION.

Religion has ceased to be a matter of opinion and "belief." It deals now with the concrete questions of every-day life. There may be some here and there who still talk sanctimoniously of "salvation" and other subtle profundities, but most people want plain talk and plain subjects and plain facts. And more than that, they want less talk, the pro-founder the matter. Such is their respect for truth and their appreciation of fact.

This is a time when many of our traditions

are shifting, but none has been shifting more than religion. It is veering away from mere "confession" to social obligations and social service. And it is enlarging. Formerly religion was wholly a personal interest. A man wanted to save himself, to secure certain advantages, which he was assured were the highest obtainable, for himself. Today the real man aims to open up opportunities for other men, for his fellow-men, not as a charity and as a "grace," but as a right to which they are entitled and which he feels in his broadened as well as deepened conscience they have equally with him. And this modern attitude gives a man more satisfaction by as much as it gives him more genuine and more manifold interests and keeps him busy with the real conditions of life, of his own life and of the life of those who share it with him.

Never did religion have such an opportunity to live up to its ideals and its responsibilities as now. Classical religions have always aimed to construct society upon a right basis and in a right spirit, and the religion of our day ought to be, like them, a builder of human life and an organizer of human relations. There is not a current question now agitated with so much earnestness as to the defects of men and

women, and of homes and of our country, but the teachers and the professors of religion should take up with equal zeal and with equal candor and directness. There was a time when we counted it a big reform that churches tacked on their doors the invitation, "Come in and Rest." But the bigger reform is still to come from them when they will say: "We will go out and work." Work to make men's bodies sounder, their hearts cheerier, their homes lighter and more genial, and the city more active, more progressive, more intelligent, its men more companionable, with less of friction among them. Religion has an historic opportunity now to uplift mankind, to lift it literally up to a high plane of life, and many hope it will undertake to do it.

WHAT CHARITY DOES FOR US.

We are revising our conception of charity. It meant patronage, condescension, but it is beginning to mean justice and what we do rightly with graciousness. It was formerly a whim, a mood and an impulse. It is now a part of character and a social obligation. Great disasters bring out how we conceive

charity. Under the stress nobody thinks to humiliate anybody, and everybody is cautious not to offend. Men give their money and consider it a privilege to give, and men receive what is offered without feeling that they are humiliated in the taking. After all, real human nature is the best interpreter. Every one of us knows when a gift is meant genuinely and each one of us can tell easily when it is manly to reject it. Charity and graciousness are really the same thing, and where there is only one of them the other is not true.

It is a splendid sight to see tactful giving on the one hand, along with frank and manly acceptance on the other. Tragedies bring men together and make them understand and sympathize with one another as years might not otherwise do. Those who are prosperous and wise see the possibilities of poverty and sorrow, and those who lose their possessions and their beloved draw comfort and hope from their confidence in man almost as much as from their trust in God.

There are three kinds of charity and we see them applied in ascending degrees: The charity that is sunshiny and an encouragement; the charity that is mutual service, which

LABOR IS NOT SLAVERY. 39

says, "It is my turn today to help you, it may be yours tomorrow to help me, who knows"; and the third charity, justice, which assures you, "I am not doing you a favor and you are not obligated by what you take; it is due to you and you have a right to demand it of me, just as I have a right to claim it of you."

Charity is a law which neither Legislature need frame nor Courts enforce. It is engraved in our souls and though, like a palimpsest, it is scrawled all over with the scribble of selfish passions, we read it clearly enough as soon as we turn it to the light of our common human nature and human experience. We may have all sorts of prejudices, but in the presence of death and sorrow and the stern problems of life we bend our heads and clasp hands heartily. The one great humanizer is charity; it brings and holds us together as nothing else does. Prosperity divides, but adversity unites us.

LABOR IS NOT SLAVERY.

Man is not a machine. That is the protest we are all making. But we are making it in vain. Our whole life is a routine. We get up by the clock and the work of the entire day is prescribed for us to the very minute and to the

least detail, and none of us can rescue himself out of it. Instead of striving to be released from this modern tyrant of "method," who holds us tighter than any tyrant in all history did, we accept the tyranny almost with eagerness. Everybody lives a mechanical life during the hours of business and trade, and even the professions are becoming commercialized.

There runs through our national soul the strain of the practical, and where is the man who can afford, or who has the self-control, to arrange his life and his interests and his work in freedom? It is good to see to it that the young who will constitute the American people in the next generation will know how to do things and do them well and earn their bread by their industry. But it is also good to see to it that their work will not tyrannize them, that they will have their lives in their own hands and that they will be men with free hearts. Unless I am mistaken, there is a tone of soul-fatigue in the nervous tension of American business, and people are not growing happier the busier they are.

The fact that we are buying our amusements, that we take refreshment in about the same way as we take the serious things, by hire

LABOR IS NOT SLAVERY. 41

and pay, should set us thinking. The man who will give us back again the happy love of work and give us also the opportunities for freedom in it, will save us and restore to us the love of life which the modern humdrum is jeopardizing in all of us. Business, profession, work, need joy. Real culture needs it. Real religion wants it and all our natural instincts demand it. The ancient legend says work was put upon man as a curse and we let it pass. Ancient times, ancient notions. But what are we doing with work in these modern days? Are we not allowing it to enslave the most of us—the wage earner who has no choice and no freedom, and the well-to-do who have no ideals?

Work is the finest gospel of life we have, and we have a right to expect that men will be at their best while doing it. If this age of ours is an industrial age, as indeed it is, men should do their work with enthusiasm as a religion, as it were. Many virtues go into men's labor and they ought to be able to get much joy out of it. For, interest, duty and sense of power, what is finer and more entitled than these to real rewards?

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE GREAT GENTLEMAN.

Each nation has the great men it deserves and needs. Some need warriors and some need diplomatists, while some prefer to live their life in peace and honesty and admire just real manhood and the real gentleman. There is something in the simple virtues which makes men lovable and invests them with respect. The warrior is a great man only as long as war itself is great, but war is beginning to lie heavy on the conscience of men, and we are paying tribute to it with increasing unwillingness and protest. The shrewd diplomatists will never be great in the eyes of Americans. We disdain trickeries of every kind and we take our politics straight.

We Americans want gentlemen all along the line of our national life. We want them in our homes and streets, we want them in our business, where the word must be like a bond, we want the gentleman in the profession where learning must be sweetened with courtesy and made solid by justness, and we want the gentleman in every office of trust. For the gentleman is a man of honor and lives his

life in the open. Our national hero is George Washington, because he is the finest gentleman we have produced and he is the immortal type of the men we want Americans to be.

Seeing a cause to be right, frank in the declaration of it; seeing it is endangered, fearless in the defense of it; having fulfilled his duty, withdrawing in all modesty; strong and resolute and assertive when there is a responsibility, and marching at the head of men in war when it is forced upon them; and going back to his quiet farm and content to trust the people that they will hold what has been earned hard: that was the great gentleman. It is right, it is wise, it is just that we make a national festival of the recollections we have of such a classic gentleman.

It may put more propriety into our ways of dealing with one another, more breadth and tolerance into our judgment, a higher sense of duty and a manlier spirit into the doings of our work, whatever it be. For a gentleman, as a true aristocrat, is he alone who lives his life consistently. George Washington is the best instance of a man who was true to himself. And he is the most notable instance of that striking quality of all great Americans: they were, all of them, consistently and persistently

true and loyal to their convictions. And their conviction as to duty, as to that which makes life worthy in the sight of God and man, was that the American citizen must be straightforward, broad-minded and just.

THE REAL REFORM.

People are moral not because they are compelled to be, but because they want to be so. Forced morality does not last long. It breaks down at the first opportunity of freedom. There are several movements going on now to establish character in men and women; they are resorts to law, to new laws, some by way of accommodations as to wages, hours of employment and such, and some are summary, removing the temptation by a stroke of the pen, as it were. And it is hoped that, on the one hand, more money or more leisure, and, on the other hand, less obtrusion of the tempters will better conditions.

But these devices work at the problem of morality from the outside. More money and better wages do not of themselves insure more self-control. And more leisure, unless filled with right and clean interests, may lead to

harm. The problem of making men and women moral is not simple and cannot be achieved by merely passing another statute. To be sure, flagrant wrongs can be reduced and should be reduced, and there are enough of them to keep all right-thinking and sympathetic men busy. But the training of young men and young women into honest and honorable ways of dealing with one another and the holding them to chaste and pure life is a task which neither court nor Legislature can accomplish by summary force.

Behind purity of act must be purity of thought, and behind chastity and purity must be the delicate personal fact of modesty. These none can give, save the mother, and I hope, as I believe, also the father. Children get information from the teacher, but they get character from the parent. The school enlightens, but the home moulds. The growing young man learns that he must obey the law, but he soon compromises with it wherever he can. But from the very beginning he feels a sanctity about what he has heard and seen and got in subtle unspoken influence in his home, and it is this that sustains a man and a woman in moments of duty and in moments of temptation. The real reform for national morals

46 *AMERICANS EVERYWHERE.*

must begin in the home. We want better wages and more leisure for the laborer, but more so for the parents, so that it may be possible for men and women to give themselves more to their homes. Nearly every story of an unfortunate boy or girl is the story how they did not have a home such as they should have had. Relieve American mothers and give them more leisure to be with their children. And relieve the fathers also. That is reform.

THE AMERICAN IS EVERYWHERE.

There are two kinds of nations: Travelling nations and stay-at-homes. The stay-at-homes are at a disadvantage in business and in all human interests which require alertness, nowadays more than ever before. We ought to make excursions into neighboring towns a feature of the education of the children, so that they may obtain a sense of the connection country has with city and be made aware of the fact that the city is in touch with the large world. At every moment thousands of railroad trains, with hundreds of thousands of passengers, pass one another, and ships laden with merchandise from every part of the earth

float on the high seas. Every meal we eat is an assemblage of foods that have been brought from the distance, and the newspaper we read at our breakfast table has been put together for us by innumerable unseen editors, reporters, telegraphers, compositors and carriers.

There was a time when a nation could lead a life of idyllic isolation. But now a nation that isolates itself is doomed. As a matter of fact, no nation does stand outside of commerce with other nations. The common ambition is to be in the midst of the crowd. And it is the common need. Those nations (and cities) are prosperous and cultured whose gates are open in every direction, open for receiving as well as for giving. A city whose people do not travel is a city where bigots thrive. Orthodoxy, in business and in politics and in religion, lays its chilling hand there where men have ceased to look into one another's eyes and where the human sympathies have lost their freshness.

The American people is a nation of travelers. Not only because it has enterprise, but also and mainly because it has a genuine human interest and a human zest for the open life. The European travels out of curiosity, the American from an instinctive feeling that he is

at home everywhere. The American looks for the things he can approve and learn, the European for the things he can criticize and condemn. The American starts with the conviction that the world is the home of man, writ large, and he returns to his town refreshed by the outing, not only in body, but also in his soul and character, by the touch he has had with fellow-men.

"Seeing the world" is a splendid discipline, but he who goes away from home must have not only open eyes but also an open heart. It is a fine privilege to see other lands and other people, but it is a finer privilege to enter into the life of other people with sympathy and appreciation. Travelling is an education, but it is an education of the heart above all.

WE TEACH EVERYTHING NOWADAYS EXCEPT WILL-POWER.

Knowledge is not power. It is merely the tool for the power. The real strength is the will. The man who knows things is not half as strong as he who does them, and the man who does his duty merely because he must is not half as real a man as he who does it by his own determination.

We do a good deal for the next generation as to education. No country does more and as willingly. But we do nothing to give coming Americans that capacity for clinching a task and holding to it, which has made the passing generation what it is. Some part, at least, of the discontent which lies upon our present American life is due to the want of moral stamina to stick to duty even when it is unpleasant. We have created the prosperity of this country by our own initiative; the problem now is how we may maintain it. Men are not blocked as much as they allege by want of opportunity; their main difficulty is that they do not use it when it is within their reach. And often they bungle opportunities because they fail in a right and manly seizure of it.

What has become of that virility which made our fathers pioneers in every direction? In politics, the splendid revolutionists; in religion, the independents; in business, the men of enterprise; and the reformers and challengers of all traditions? What has become of that unique American loyalty to the upright self which dared to face a world so long as it dared face its conscience? I cannot believe that we have lost it. We have simply allowed it to lapse because we have been drawn away

from the simple things of life by the modern pre-occupations. But we must not let it lapse any longer. The young men of today and the young women need it even more than men needed it in the past. For the stress is greater and must be balanced and the temptations are more insinuating. And they live more in the open, more among strangers, less under the protection and surveillance of the home. They are thrown upon their own resources. But we must help them to understand that moral strength is the best resource to fall back on, perhaps the only one that does not disappoint. A man who is sent out into the world of today without his will trained is most unfortunate. Everything else we may put into his hand will be stubble and ashes. It is the will alone that will keep him up.

WILL-POWER.

There was a time in this country when teachers and parents considered it good training to "break the will" of the children. Children were then exuberant in health and spirits. But nowadays we must do all we can to give will to the children. They seem to have so little of it.

Will-power makes a nation, and the lack of it unmakes it. The American people owes its high standing in modern civilization to the stamina it possesses more than to anything else. And our national problem is to fit out the next generation with more moral power so that it may be able to hold what has come into its hands. The question is, how shall we do it?

Some say we have schools for that; education strengthens the will, and it is the business of the teachers to see to it that the children become strong in purpose and capable of doing things and of wishing to do them. But others object to this and declare the public schools are for other purposes, and they shift the burden upon the religious schools, which, they say, have the first obligation to teach morals. But wherever the responsibility may lie, the fact is that the children of today need training in will-power and we must provide it. It is deficient in the young of all classes. The laborer requires it, no more and no less than the member of the highest profession. No one can face difficulties without it and none, without it, can hold himself above temptations.

A nation without loyalties is no nation at all, and we need to be loyal in all directions. But there can be no loyalty to home, loyalty to

country and loyalty to ourselves unless we back it up with resoluteness. The nation's business is based, not on money, and not even on ingenuity, but on brave enterprise and the power of challenge. The nation's homes are content not when wages but hearts are high, and a nation achieves its best, not when everybody is at work, but when everybody likes the work he is at.

The problem in this country today is not merely to make our young men and women capable at their trades, but also to keep them at these trades, or rather to see to it that they will hold themselves at work, that they have interest in it and pride and a sense of high obligation to make the most of it. Every trade and every calling is an opportunity for real manhood and for loyal citizenship. Our fathers believed in this and the coming generations must make it again the cardinal virtue of life. The American must forever be the type of the strong-willed man of initiative and every kind of education must help to make him that.

THE STRIKE.

Moderation is a private virtue and a public necessity. Without it, the justest cause falls to the level of a wrong, and with it it is doubly strong. Those are at advantage in a quarrel who have themselves in control, while those lose their hold on the right who let loose their hold on themselves. Again, there are those who think they are strong when they are obstinate. The obstinate are the weak who cannot adjust themselves to facts. Finally, there are those who persuade themselves that they are in the right because they are entrenched and have the advantage of position. Public opinion is not with those who have come into an advantage, but it is with those who deserve it and have earned it. Public opinion may shift and swing, but, in the end, like the pendulum, it settles at the right place and in the right direction.

In the conflict of interests that comes into every community at some time, it is the duty of every citizen to be moderate and considerate. The participants in the issue must check their impulses. For as soon as a difference degenerates into a fight the moral point at stake

is hazarded as much as the people in it are brutalized. This country believes in an open field and in fair play, and it is no respecter of persons. The humblest get justice just as much as the "big," and we demand a frank and open hand from everybody; we reject, on the one hand, the interlopers, who pretend to speak and fight for labor, and, on the other, we distrust the suave diplomatists, who protect the "interests."

Just such an incident as a strike should bring out of all of us not the worst, but the best. This is needed for the peace of the city, and it is essential for a satisfactory disposition of the matter in dispute. Anger keeps apart those, who, in their hearts, really want to come together. And, above all, men should meet one another with mutual respect and tolerance, and with a deep sense of the equal obligation they bear to the city and to the homes it comprises. Behind the disputants are a great commonwealth that has always been peaceful and law-abiding, and wives and children who should always have our hearts and our thought. Put into the consideration of the arguments the human feelings. They will sweeten the discussion and lift it above cold barter. This should restrain and humanize every citizen.

WAR.

Religion, art and science have done a great deal for man. But he is primitive still, after all. Whoever does not believe that, does not know what is going on in the world. Crime is rampant all around us, and vices, gilded or frankly coarse, are unchecked and free; the slimy alleys run parallel with our avenues. And then consider war and its streams of blood and havoc of disease.

And if this should not convince one, then let him notice that two continents full of nations and millions of cultured men and women have not civilization enough in them to stop war, devastation and the blaspheming of God and the shame of man. On the one side men kill in the name of the cross and on the other under the sign of the Crescent, and each calls the other brutal, and such is the irony of truth, both, indeed, are brutal. The nations of Europe agree that the Servians have a right to fight and the Turks to hit back. They do not differ as to right on either side to kill and murder; they differ only as to who kills with more refinement and with less blus-

ter. Military killing they do not regard as crime; only riotous killing is wrong. That is all, it seems, that civilization in its conscience has to say in the matter. We stand idly by and look on, while men butcher one another and summon the gaunt spectre of the pest to stalk into their midst. We read the reports of fiendish crimes committed by men without a tremor of pity or remorse, for no other reason than because they wear a uniform while they commit them. And the only interest we cold-blooded onlookers seem to have is to decide who is the bloodier and the more fiendish, the Slav or the Turk, and we are so busy doing that that we do not stop to think that both ought to know better and neither ought to be murderers and both are guilty and we with them as long as we do not go between them and stop them, as in all decent humanity and genuine civilization we should.

We have peace conferences and a Hague tribunal and all sorts of fine ideals. But they are either an illusion or a sham and they are certainly untrue. There is only one comfort in all this. We Americans are thousands of years ahead of Europe. Our wars, when they were forced on us, were wars with fine ideals. The Civil War and the Cuban War decided the

rights of man. They were not wars of greed or wars of hate, but a terribly earnest assertion of justice. And we believe, we hope, nay, we make it certain that they are the last wars on this continent. We can enforce laws without bloodshed and we can hold ourselves among the nations without murder. We are busy with many issues and we have much at stake in all of them. But we will settle them peaceably and there will be on them not one stain.

PASSOVER IS THE FESTIVAL OF LIBERTY UNDER THE LAW.

Every man should be free. But we find that some men are at their worst when they are free. Many men should be under control and would be at their best if they were. But who knows the great art of controlling men and how many are there who would submit to control? Freedom is a two-edged sword which may cut him who uses it. But authority is a hammer which comes down heavily; it crushes out the soul of him who yields obedience and brutalizes the soul of him who demands it. Many of us are not quite clear whether freedom is an unmixed good and control an unmixed evil.

We Jews are reminded every year at the Passover of these two sides of human nature. For the Passover is the most ancient festival of liberty and every year when it recurs we review the great subject of liberty and re-interpret it according to our needs. There is a political ring to the term liberty, but it is really moral. Only well-balanced men can use and enjoy liberty. There is also a stigma to the term authority; it seems to put doubt on men's capacity to take care of themselves. The fact is, indeed, that the fewest men know how to take care of themselves rightly and effectively. We need guidance, each one of us, each in his own way, and he who thinks he is self-sufficient discovers his weakness and his limitations at some time in his life.

There is a cry throughout the world of to-day for law, for more laws, for legal control, for public administration of many of our affairs, and we are willing to sacrifice some of our "liberties" for the sake of the benefits we crave. And there is an equally earnest demand for reverence and respect; we ask that the children be trained in the deeper senses and we want them to acquire moralities. What else does that imply than that we do not want them to be so self-reliant and that we believe they

will be better, finer and more just in their dealings if they do not stickle upon the word of the law but go beyond mere rights and duties into sympathies?

We have tried to live by "liberties" and we have found the world growing selfish. We are now ready to try "authority," and we believe that a little obedience flavors these "liberties." Men need to learn afresh that authority is a moral influence which re-enforces them and that respect and obedience are virtues which sweeten character. Moses, the first emancipator in the history of emancipations, long ago said that the law is for all, for man, for woman, for child. And he also said: "Fear the Lord thy God." Judaism is a happy combination of the law of God and the freedom of man.

THE CINCINNATI IDEA.

Every city has something distinct about it. At least every city should have. In fact it has, if it has had opportunity to develop. Within recent years Cincinnati has worked out a kind of practical education in its school-system and other cities are beginning to take notice of it. The "Cincinnati Idea" is now in the center of

discussion throughout the country and may bring about an epochal change of educational thought and practice. It is all due to the need we feel for the real and the practical. All of American life feels it and craves it. Men have always striven to be practical, that is, to adjust themselves to the conditions in which they live. But never before have they felt as they do now the power to meet and to improve these conditions.

Until now public school education has had no other aim than to shelter children during their time of dependence and give them the amenities and the polish which we believed constituted education. We have never trusted childhood to try for itself and to acquire capacities by making effort. In other words, our old-time education has stopped short of being training, the very thing it should have been from the start. We must train men and women for the affairs of life, for their labor, their duties, their actual touch with things and men.

We want to develop character in our schools and we want to provide for Cincinnati a generation of citizens who can grasp the civic and the domestic and the business problems with clear heads and with resolute hands. That is

what the schools are for and the city has a right and a responsibility to see to it that the schools produce citizens who will be capable of maintaining and enhancing it. I know of no city that has equalled Cincinnati in this timely reform of public school influence and has expressed it so clearly and made it so effective.

The American of the future must be a man of large vision, of decision, with his feet on the ground. He must prove his respect for labor by being able and ready to do it. He will respect the laborer just as soon as he understands the life of a laborer. And he will understand and respect the laborer's life when he knows by actual, personal experience what labor involves. The best enlightenment comes to us when we have had an insight into one another's joys and sorrows and obligations, when we see what each one of us has to do and endure. The practical life opens our eyes and broadens our hearts.

WHAT SNOW MEANS.

Ministers take their texts from *The Book* and sometimes from books. But they had better take them from nature. That is the greatest book, the book of all books, and it is the real life. I know of no more suggestive text for thought and for appreciation than, for instance, the snow that is lying on the ground. It comes down upon grass and trees to protect them and to keep them warm. And what is adversity other than the preservation of our finer instincts which are so likely to go when we are prosperous.

Or take the text of snow in another way. Out on the farm the snow lies like a white sheet; in the streets of the city it is stamped into filth. Our life would be beautiful and good if only we would let it have its way, but we tinker with it and let our passions drive us, and so our life is often ugly. Or, did you ever look at a snowflake? You never saw anything more beautiful. No art can produce the like

of it. A gorgeous star of delicate white. You take up another flake of snow and you find it is different, but it is equally exquisite and has beauty of its own. Well, men pass you and you take them indifferently. But, believe me, if you looked at them a little more closely you would find something in them which would surprise and please you. You do not give yourself time to see them. Every human being has a charm, some star-like soul-beauty worth your admiration.

Or flakes of snow fall in the cold air and float and are driven by the wind, myriads of them, and when they reach the ground they pack and your feet crunch them solid, inches deep. What, after all, are you, when the story of your life is done? The snowflake is a type of you and of your ambitions and struggles. Some day you will lie down and the busy world will pass over you and the romance and tragedy which you thought so important will be gone. And white crystals of chaste snow dissolved: symbol of what you and I are despite our ideals, which we formed in thoughtful hours and must yield up when we face the fact of practical life. How quickly these crystals fade out at the hot breath and the rude touch. How the crowded world demoralizes

men and takes out of their souls the best that is in them.

But, after all, there is a compensation. Snow is the gift of winter, and winter is the finest season of the year. It is a time for robust work, when men are nearest to one another. And winter is the time for boyish sport and glee, and men are happy and the blood tingles in their bodies and there is laughter in the air. Snowflakes dance and men are happy. And that is the best way to look at life and snow.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF WONDERS?

Formerly everything new was wonderful. And it was not so long ago. But today nothing is wonderful; everything seems a matter of course, even the things we cannot explain. We are becoming blasé about miracles, and really the only wonder that is left is the fact that people once upon a time were so excited about them. They got their religion through wonder, and they defended and justified it by wonders; they looked forward to yet greater wonders to come and they put wonders into the heavens. They had them come upon men for all sorts

of reasons at unexpected times and places and they were never so busy or so interested or so excited as when there was a "wonder" around for some reason or another. They proved things by wonders and they disproved them by wonders. They affirmed facts and they denied them on the score of a miracle and they drove you into a corner and held you there at their mercy by the prod of a wonder that you could not explain, try as you would.

And, when men began to dabble in "science" and the learned things, the exorcising of ghosts began by the power of a new order of wonders. The microscope was a wizard. It would cite you wonders more than any priest or theologian ever dared. A drop of water, and there you have myriads of wonders, dancing, wriggling, when once you put your eye on them through the lense. And when you enlarged the lense and put it into a telescope, the "wonders" grew and towered over you and bewildered you.

And now this riot of wonders has multiplied on all sides, overhead of us and beneath our feet and all around us, and we have become familiar with them. They do not surprise us any more, and they do not embarrass us. We have become used to them. There was a time

66 *WHAT IS EDUCATION FOR?*

when imagination was a splendid creator. To-day it is mere fiction. Edison has taken the tinsel off imagination. He does things and does not talk about them. And a new invention is merely an item of news. We read it, shrug our shoulders and are ready for the next. This age of ours has gotten accustomed to wonders and miracles. They were bugbears once, but they shall never be that again. We have our eyes open, we people of the twentieth century. They blink a little once in a while, it is true. But what of that? We see more between blinks than ever man saw in stares.

WHAT IS EDUCATION FOR?

We send children to school not to get to know things, not even to do things, but to be interested in the right things and to have a forceful and well-trained will. That is what the man of today lacks most—the will. And the will is power—moral power more than physical. And the will is man's own power and makes him sure of himself—sure in the face of temptation and certain to choose his way by his own discretion. We are discussing just now the problem of clean boyhood and

pure maidenhood, and various devices are urged to secure them. Some say: "Talk out plainly, without hesitation. When children know, they will be strong." But knowledge is a two-edged sword and it often sharpens the evil. A passion is merely a selfishness, but the problem is to displace the selfishness and to substitute for it an interest of a broad compass. Again, others say: "Show the consequences of sin and that will frighten and enlighten." But for youth which knows not the seriousness of experience information is not a deterrent. It may have even a sinister charm.

There is only one kind of morality, and that is the morality we determine by our own will. And that is the only kind that lasts and can be relied on. But the training of the will is the very need in the life of youth which the schools neglect. Here the reform must set in in our methods of education. We must equip the growing generation with a right moral taste all along the line of their lives and they must have rigidity of back-bone to meet the temptations with which the world is crowded.

And there is another influence which education should have on the young man and young woman. It should divert the interest in the self into interest in others. Education

68 *DEMOCRACY OF CHILDREN.*

should open up to them the manifold world in which ambition has abundant opportunities. Youth wants to be active and it wants to be looked up to and to make people admire it. The educator has an almost easy opportunity to lead off young people into noble thought and aspiration. Their splendid weakness can become their strength.

DEMOCRACY OF CHILDREN.

The public school is the most distinctive feature of the American life. The American people rally around nothing with so much readiness and earnestness as around it. We have confidence in the school as the guarantee of our democracy and we believe with intense conviction that we are safe as long as our children are not held apart and are near to one another, first of all by the natural democracy of childhood and secondly by the solidarity of feeling which comes from equality and association in school experience. We are willing to bear heavy burdens for the sake of our schools, for we know they are the best national investment we have. Every cent spent on the education of our children in this all-encom-

passing national institution of our public school system, yields real and enduring returns—not only because we know the value of culture, but also because we are certain, by the evidence of our unique national history, that it is the best moral influence for citizenship. The public school is meant to embrace all citizens alike and it is devised to train all the children equally, not only in the knowledge which constitutes American culture, but also in that genuine feeling for one another, without which democracy would be formal and insincere.

The most important function of the public school does not consist in the education, but in the influence which it gives. It is the equalizer and the great harmonizer and “naturalizes” the citizenship of this country more than any other social force. The population of this country would be hopelessly heterogeneous if the early and thorough-going moral influence of the schools did not fuse its childhood into one homogeneous generation that shares as its most precious possession the memory of the same teacher and the same comrades. We may alter articles of the constitution, we may change laws and statutes, and they will not affect much the basal facts of the American life. But a deviation from our historic policy as to

the nurture of our children in the spirit of equality, in frank and free association on the playgrounds and in the class rooms, would disturb, perhaps disappoint, the noblest hopes we have.

GOD'S OPEN WORLD.

The ancients believed that the elements are divine. Life, they said, is made possible and is safe and sound under the control of earth, water, fire and air. And they seem to have been somewhat right, even to us moderns. Some people today want to correct all the evils we suffer from by re-establishing the elemental sovereignty of the earth and soil. Some propose to sweep away all diseases by the purifying tide of water. Who does not love the sunshine and who would not have it fall on our dingy towns? It is a restorative to men emerging from shops and factories. And there is the air, cheapest element of all, in which, indeed, we move and have our being. Modern men make the air foul with smoke and dust; how strong men would become and what zest they would have for life and duty, if they could but have the air clean and fresh. However we may gauge the value of land or water

or light (all three are essential and, after all, inalienable to us), air is the most precious and the most fundamental fact of life and it is just elemental air that is being withheld most from men in this age of crowded cities and sordid labor.

There was a time when towns had outskirts where men could go after their day's work was done, and on a placid and restful day at the end of the week, and fill their lungs with freshness and lift their eyes to the free sky. But nowadays we go on the beaten path of streets and get into our tired bodies no more of sunshine and vigor than is grudgingly allowed by high roofs and rows of stern walls. It may be necessary to secure better housing for the people, but it is an equally great necessity that we restore to men the God-given first right they have upon sunshine and air. Men do their best, not when they are in the traces, but when they are free, free through the uplift of nature. But freedom and love of life are impossible in fetid and dismal air of shop and street.

Under the progressive industrialism which we are developing, we ought to be more on our guard lest we make occupations drudgery, offices, factories and shops slave-posts,

homes mere sleeping quarters and towns not more than enclosures with paths men tread without zest and without heart. The most effective restorative to a genuine love of duty and work is not money and profit, but health and cheer. We shall never have a prosperous nation until we are a cheerful nation. But cheer and joy and contentment come only where there is sunshine and the open and free life. The modern problem is not so much to give employment to people as to make employment tolerable and happy. A laborer with a frown is a bad laborer and one who is to do his work well needs sunshine and the fresh breezes and God's open world.

BUSINESS IS HONEST.

The rise of commercial honesty is one of the happiest facts of our national life. Morality has gone deep into that side of men's lives which heretofore was the most selfish—on both sides of the counter: The merchant does not overreach, he sells in the open; and the customer respects the demand of the seller and has confidence in him. There was a time when business relation was a measuring of shrewd-

ness. Today it is a mutual service, for which each concedes the right to adequate reward. Enterprise is a quality of high grade and the universities furnish to commerce men of trained calibre. There was a time when it was a debatable question whether a young man who studied at college was afterwards fit for business. Today we know that education improves, disciplines, raises the value of man, and modern business is based upon the axiom that intelligence pays.

In addition to this, American business recognizes that it must be honest if it is to pay at all—the smallest as well as the largest. Imposture defeats itself—not only because it is crime, but also because it handicaps itself. Honesty is the best policy, the shortest road to results that last. He indeed would be a benefactor of the people of today who would disabuse buyer and seller of their traditional suspicion. It has no ground to stand on. On the contrary, no phase of modern life seems to have come more under the law of truth and honor than trade and commerce have. Millions of dollars shift hands in the market with no more controlled security than a word and a nod of the head. And the rivalries and competitions which formerly harassed

74 *REFORM OF THE HOME.*

and divided men have yielded to co-operation. Whatever else we may say about large corporations, at least this is suggestive about them that they recommend themselves to our confidence by assuming the name of "Trust," the finest term in business.

Everybody aims to secure profit; it is legitimate and in accordance with a just regard for self and for others. And, just because profit is based on fairness, it is possible and attainable only as long as it is fair. Unfairness is the death of business; it confuses him who relies on it. The honesty of our business men is the pride and the strength of our country and day.

WE NEED A REFORM OF THE HOME.

The tenement problem is a moral problem. It is not merely a question how to insure larger rooms, more air and cleaner conditions, but how to protect modesty and those finer feelings which the intimacies of the home should enhance rather than brutalize. This right housing of the people is a large and insistent problem which involves not merely the poor but also the fashionable rich. Affluence demoral-

izes no less than poverty, and the best equipped house is in itself no guarantee of better morals. What the average American home in these days needs is not merely to have comforts, but also to interpret and use them rightly. And, above all, the householder of today, who has the responsibilities of a home upon him, and who bears the sacred obligations toward wife and children, should stand guard at the threshold of his home, as to what enters it. The flood of the modern life beats against it and that flood is not altogether clean. Insidious influences from all directions are at work and it requires circumspection and tact and an unbribable sense of the right and the honorable and the pure to hold the home against them. The talk of the street is a menace, the plot of the novel is an infection, the fashion of the "party" is a moral poison. The modern amusements break up the family life into fragments, each flying into a separate "attraction," and these bring into the home the cheap tone and the cheap appraisal of the holy things of life.

We shall not be the nation in the next generation, a nation of splendid earnestness and virile ambitions, which we ought to be and can be for all time to come, unless we preserve for

ourselves and for our children the moral ideals which held us on a high level until this day. But the real place for the cultivation of fine feelings and of fine relationships is the home and only the home. Our business, no matter how large and broad-gauged it may be, will not refine us; it will more likely "materialize" us and make us selfish. Only our homes can sweeten our modern life and give us the genuine love of our labor. Not that the home need be severe and heavily sober. It should be genial and have tolerance for the jolly frolic of good-natured happiness. But it must be untainted and noble and the contrast must be forever between it and the noisy, indifferent and inconsiderate world outside.

TINKERING WITH LAW.

This is the age of law-making, or rather of tinkering with laws. Every session of a state legislature or of Congress, or even of the parliament of a king or of an autocrat, is busy with framing new statutes. The most experimental thing conceivable is a law nowadays; it is meant to meet a contingency and it is itself merely a contingent device. All of us desire

that the people at large shall have respect for the law, but we do all we can to make it unstable and we handle it as a tool to serve us rather than look up to it as an authority. The great business of the country is experimented with and risked and there seems to be no limit to the legislative nostrums which are put forth to save our business and our civic interests and our public and private morals.

Undoubtedly this is due to the fact that the modern conscience has been aroused and feels more keenly than men ever felt that life ought to be made tolerable and fair and just to everybody, and we want to arrange life so that the best will be more and more possible. There is no use of enforcing respect for the law unless that law is worthy of respect and all men have reason to look up to it. For as long as a law needs "force," the police or a penalty, to make men obey it, and they do not see that it is just and equitable, it is futile. Back of all law must be the conscience of the people. A law without that backing is dead, no matter what those promise who framed it. Most of us have seen laws passed with enthusiasm and with great hopes, and have seen them fail. Most of us have seen crusades against social evils of all sorts, and have heard

78 *THE FESTIVAL OF BREAD.*

sincere pronunciamientos that these would cease if only a certain statute or a certain law would be enacted, and we have seen the day when these same men conceded that reforms are difficult and elude the grasp of even the most stringent or circumspect law.

There is only one way to better society, or rather to better men, and that way is the way of education. It is a slow and a tedious way, but it is the only sure and the only direct way. The Jews, who were the first to establish a constitution and frame laws with large and constructive effect, based law upon intelligence and culture. Every new school is a new and powerful influence and every new teacher is a moulder of the conscience and a sponsor of better men and women and of a better community.

THE FESTIVAL OF BREAD.

Men have made festivals and solemn days to signalize seasons or to symbolize mysteries; but they have never consecrated days for the practical affairs of human life. "Labor Day" is perhaps the only exception, but it is not a "sacred" day. There is one feast and it is a very ancient one, which deals with labor and bread, the most human of all interests, and

that is the Jewish feast of Passover. It may not be curious that the religions did not think of giving recognition to labor and work, for ever since the legend of Adam and the Garden of Eden labor has been deemed a curse. But it is strange that men did not recognize the fact that bread occupies at least one-half of our thought and energies. Perhaps the Eucharist is such a recognition, but it is mystic and bread is a very plain and matter-of-fact interest and need. We say the farmer is the sponsor of the wealth of the nation; then he is, indeed, its Priest. We know that grain is our wealth, then it should be recognized, as indeed it was in Israel, fit for the altar. We know that bread calls out the best and the worst passions of men; then it should be placed before men in most solemn ways, as it was in the ancient sanctuary, as a symbol before God.

And we ought to let play upon the subject of bread and its significance the fullest light and the most devout thought—not only from the point of view of religion, but also with clear recognition that the bread on our table could tell, and often does tell, what we are. How a man or a nation gets its bread is a fact of business, but it is also a fact of morals and character.

Each spring when the fields begin afresh to throb with life and men feel the pulses of fresh ambition, the Jews think out anew the great human question as to bread and its central significance in life. The fields will soon be green and men are driving the plough and soon will swing the scythe and the nation will be busy. But will bread go around to all who labor and will each sweeten his morsel with satisfaction? This is a question of politics and just government. It is a religious question, and it is, above all, a human question. And it is a question that men will face forever. For just as the soil will always teem with life, so also the heart of man with passions. Some will earn their bread in patience and some will snatch it in crime. Some will obtain their bread as free men and some as slaves. Bread will always divide men into good and bad. Bread is a blessing or a curse, as men choose.

EVERY-DAY HEROES.

The eulogists of war are becoming fewer with every day, and there is an increasing number who concede that it must be apologized for. But as yet they do it half-heartedly.

In our conscience we know war is a crime which is not compensated nor atoned for by its glories; still the illusion lingers with us that heroism must inevitably be dressed up in uniform and flourish a sword. We do not yet quite appreciate the finer braveries of men who attract no notice and, in fact, evade it. The streets of every city are crowded with unobtrusive men who make their way through life against great odds, and every day you can see them go to their tasks with stout and resolute hearts, and every evening you might see them return undiscouraged to resume the battle the next morning—all for the sake of a love and a loyalty they have for wife and child and home and for the holy things that men do not speak of save in whispers.

“Decoration Day” owes its origin to the respect and the admiration men have for the patriots who staked their bodies for the public weal, and in that our instinct has led us aright. But the Decoration Day of our time may justly include the memory and the example of many whose simple careers have been no less filled with loyalty and sacrifice. The moral stamina men bring to their daily labor and the pain they invite and bear in their struggle for bread, for home and love, are equal to the mili-

tary prowess which pre-occupies the field of history. The citizen, too, is often as much a hero as is the soldier, and the conflicts of men in the trades and the professions and in the open field of competition where gifts and hearts measure themselves against one another demand courage and fearlessness and a trust in self as much as ever filled the heart of a soldier.

It is quite fitting that people should, on Decoration Day, think of the reach to which men can attain in manhood and that they visit the graves of those they know have led lives of unbribeable integrity and unstained honor. For men must always fight for their virtues, to assert them and to keep them. We have enlarged the meaning of "Decoration Day" and have made it apply to the defenders of all the nobilities, to all who have proven themselves strong and whom it is good to admire and to emulate. And each can go to the grave of some one who is a pattern of what we, each one of us, also would like to be.

WHAT IS MAN WORTH?

Some say a man is not worth much nowadays. See how many lives are lost by accidents that could be prevented, by hard and dangerous occupations into which men should never be forced, and the conditions which are steadily dulling our conscience. Again some maintain that advancing civilization is making us more alert in our sympathies and that our forethought and our charities are keener and readier. It is not easy to decide who is in the right, the man who sees the economic advances we have made and is satisfied with them or the man who sees that we fall short in the valuation of life and the respect of manhood which are appealing to us on all sides for protection and justice. This is certainly true, that many men are not getting out of life nor putting into it all they could and all they should, and that many men too would like to get the real worth out of life which they cannot get out of their employment nor out of their condition. For every man wants to be something above his work, something more than the mere earner of bread. Thousands in the great cities know

not much more of the world than the beaten track between the shop and their homes, and thousands, equally, have no other interest than that of the shop or the store and the wages and the profit.

We are always talking of what a man is worth to the community or to the trade or what these are worth to him. But we ought to ask what is a man worth to himself, and is his standard of worth of life high or is it low. The problem today is not to fit out a man or a youth with adequate competence for the work he is to do, or to guarantee to him that he will be properly paid or protected while doing it, though these problems are important and insistent. But the problem is to stop men from having only a commercial view of life, from calculating how much they are worth to others, and to bring them to consider how much they are worth to themselves.

For a man begins to live as he ought only from the moment that he is conscious of his self-respect. Self-respect lifts a man above his drudgery and emancipates him from it. Civilization should increase the number of free men and not diminish it. And the larger kinship we feel nowadays toward one another ought not

to multiply our "charities" but intensify and clarify our sense of justice. And beyond this, the culture of today ought to open for every man possibilities for finer ways of living and for a more delicate appreciation of the real values and the real things to have and to hold.

WINTER.

The choice of the wintry "New Year" as the turn of the year seems to play into the hands of the pessimists. It is a time when nature seems at its worst. Everything is bleak and bare and cold. But there is a deeper sense and a closer observation in the choice. Nature is really getting ready, and the snugly coated buds of the trees are a promise of life which the unfailing spring is sure to make good. The great season-festivals have been fixed by the open eye of natural men who saw the real facts of life.

To be sure, town-life has removed us from nature and we do not see nor understand it as men once did. And winter is for us a cruel season against which we must defend ourselves. And still, we welcome New Year's Day and celebrate it and make it festive and

happy. Is it possible that we delude ourselves and merely make-believe?

Mankind has changed its ways. Formerly winter was a time for indolence. Men hibernated, as it were, just as some animals do. Now winter is the most active and the busiest season of the year. Civilization and our greater needs have stirred us. Commerce is alert and aggressive and keen and is under a high tension. Winter that puts a glow into our cheeks and challenges our vigor seems like an appropriate counterpart to our intensified labor and ambition.

We owe very much to winter. It is the season of the great preparation in all that lives. It is the time of the most virile activities of men. It is the time when the relations of men are warmest and business and commerce are at their best. It is the climax of the whole year. And in winter we open our hearts to one another, not only because we know we are under great stress and some of us fall, but also because our pulses beat high and our feelings are sharpened. There was a time when men exchanged gifts in the winter because they were equally limited by the "closed season" and had to help out one another. But today they give

gifts to one another because they feel an equal thrill of the common, joyous life. Men are near to one another at this season; in the village, formerly, because they felt the same limitations, and in the towns now because they feel kinship with all men and because that is so bountiful and so real.

JUSTICE.

This is the age of experts. But where is the expert for Justice and can there be such? We apply the statute and we call that a judgment; we consult a precedent and we call that an interpretation. But the sense of offended right and the secret conscience are not touched nor set aright by a formal verdict. Some modern courts have attached to them what are called "consulting psychologists," who investigate and throw light upon the personal make-up, the soul-life, of the indicted. But I believe that the average judge is a man of deep insight and of genuine feelings, near to human nature to appreciate its difficulties, and needs, therefore, no such professional adviser.

Justice is bigger than judges or juries or statutes and is not confined to "cases." Justice

comprises the whole moral life of man. Justice is a question outside of courts and involves every motive, every act, every man and all of the national life. Each one of us is, as it were, a court, and we cite before ourselves each one we deal with, and each one is, also, in turn an indicted man who must prove his innocence. We insist on nothing as we do on getting justice, and nothing so overwhelms us as when we have failed to give justice to others. Our religion is tested by it, the economic welfare of the nation stands or falls according to it, and even the private life of the humblest citizen is either a menace or a help to all.

Our time is a time of the revival of the conscience. Never was justice so much not only on the lips but also in the hearts of men as now. And it is not an empty ideal, nor a mere pious wish. Men are earnestly at work to make justice more possible and more practicable. The passion for justice has taken the place of the ideal of religion. It has gone outside of the beaten road of wishes into the highways of real life. Justice, in our day, is not something we wish, but something we insist on. It is pushing into the privacies of business and dominating them. It is dictating to governments and legislative bodies and is the one

unbribeable power that is re-arranging our relations to one another and turning our face toward the larger life.

FACTS.

The American knows how to face facts. At least he knows that he must. And in that he is different from the European. The European goes around facts, by way of theory and illusions; but the American grapples with them. You get rid of at least one tenth of the difficulty, if you know it. And if you do not know it, you will fall under it because you are confused. Some men who are fond of big words call this "realism," but the simple truth is that directness is practical. It is a matter of economy. Fighting in the dark wastes energy. The daylight enables you to meet the opponent in the clear. We Americans have only one hate: we hate the round-about. And, after all, we have only one admiration: we admire the straight, the open and the honest. We do not only admire it, we demand it. And we cannot forgive him who will not give it.

That is the reason why we are clumsy in diplomacy. The European statesman is suave;

the American naive and blunt. That is the reason why American commerce is solid; it rests on the honest word and the ready hand. That is the reason why immigrants become so quickly and genuinely naturalized; human nature takes to honesty and directness.

All through the American life goes the respect for the fact. Our religions are being re-formed by it; our schools are being re-organized in deference to it; our legislation re-constructs the laws to adjust our life to it. The fact is sovereign and has a right that nobody can dispute. And it has also reason on its side, for by what else did it come? And, in addition, it has the force of conviction. No syllogism is half as strong as a fact and no appeal half as enlisting. For a fact is, as it were, an act of God. It is because it has to be, because of the Law of Life, that transcends every other law. Theories, ideals and beatitudes are like the snow crystals on our window-panes; they are very pretty but a shift in the breeze will wipe them out.

The great contribution American life is making to civilization, for which the human race has been waiting for many centuries, consists in bringing the fact to honor and value. What is, is as important to the world as what

was, and more, for it contains what will be; and what was is significant only in so far as it has brought that which is. We respect the past and are willing to do much for the sake of the future; but we rely on the present and we believe that it holds all that has value for active men.

"HE LIVED."

"He lived." That is the inscription which fits every tombstone. And the reader supplies the "how." The explanation is more important than the text. We get our life from our parents, we manage it as well as we can, but the final appraisal whether we have succeeded or failed comes from others. Those who know us cannot pass judgment on us, they are prejudiced. And those who do not know us may have a standard of judgment which does not apply to us, or they may be inadequately informed. Who can know another fully?

Three-fourths of our life we spend to get into the good graces of strangers. And when all is over, each one of us remains a stranger to every other. For the great secret of our conscience no outsider can know and none of us will reveal. The best part of our character we

conceal, sometimes out of modesty, sometimes out of policy, it requires acumen to find out which. And also sympathy. Many a man has a rough exterior and his bluntness is really frankness. And some men are suave and affable, but their manners are disguises. We know one another very superficially, despite frequent and many-sided touch.

Experience makes us alert and puts us on our guard. But we become impulsive just as soon as we crave approval. To get the opinion of people is worth a good deal to each one of us, even without regard to its market value. Vanity is a trait of our human nature which I hope we shall not lose. We are not content with any achievement of ours until we see it admired. It seems almost as we lived our lives with our eye outward rather than inward. Our fellowman is our measure and our final arbiter, not we ourselves. Everybody likes to pose. If he has nobody who observes him, then the mirror will do; it reflects not what we are but what we would like people believe we are. Self-delusion is the best part of life for many. It gives them the happiest and the most satisfactory hours. This is not necessarily a weakness, for a self-delusion is sometimes very much like an ideal. We must try to get

others to believe as we do. That is the problem of life: To convince others of what we ourselves are so strongly sure. "He lived" at his truest self, that is what each man wants people should say of him. To have lived the full, personal life, true to what he saw within as no one else saw it—that is the climax and the power of life over death.

SACRIFICE.

Every disaster makes skeptics. Somebody thinks the thing out. But thinks it out only half-way. Already in the old story of Sodom Abraham declared: "Is it possible that God sweeps away the righteous with the wicked?" As if God did any sweeping away at all. The wicked dispose of themselves, without any effort on the part of God. He does not have to bother about them. But every time something happens some people are ready with their wise questions. So it was several centuries ago, in the great earthquake at Lisbon, and so it was recently at the eruption of Mt. Pelee and in Japan. Only that now people are rather diffident to talk out their doubts, for this is not an age of subtleties. We are stronger in

our convictions and more observant of the real facts of life, otherwise the "Titanic Disaster" a few years ago would have driven hordes out of the churches. As a matter of fact it sent us to our duties with a deeper conscience, and made us look not so much at God as at ourselves. We find fault not with Him but with ourselves.

Misfortunes are lessons. Sometimes they come in time to warn us, sometimes they are most salutary when we are off our guard. Life is a school, only that we adults like to play teacher and nobody wants to be pupil. We know things so well, and the teacher, really, has not much to tell us; we can do things so much better than He, if we had our way. But do we learn. Since the "Titanic" misfortune boats are better equipped; since the Dayton flood waterways are better engineered, and who knows what improvement Japan will make, it learns so readily.

There was a time when men died in a great cause without a murmur. They gloried that their death placated God and stirred the souls of men. They were sure their "sacrifice" redeemed their fellowmen. Only we Westerners doubt. Because we are selfish and look for personal good alone. We call it glorious to

die on the battle-field, but that is spectacular. To die in a cause, however, that will uplift men is just as glorious. To die so that men will know better and do better and will have the better, that is fine and righteous. Who of us has lifted himself to that height of manhood?

SILENCE.

They started a "Silence Club" somewhere the other day. The idea is suggestive. How much time, mind, patience and good will are wasted in our talk? It would be refreshing and a saving, if we would reduce talk. The thing can be done. There was a time when business was transacted amid a duel of words. Today he is the strongest merchant and has the best of the bargain, who knows how to hold back his words. The men of big administration are not gossips. They clinch an enterprise with a nod of the head. The physician at the bedside gets confidence from the patient not through his garrulousness, but almost in direct proportion to his alert silence. The oracle has always economized with words. The lawyer may secure a verdict, but not necessarily justice, by his eloquence. The court is always dispas-

sionate and deliberate. And the time is coming, if in these days of social work it has not already come, when ministers also will influence the people not through unctious sermons, but through their personalities.

Earnest men who want to achieve something, worth to themselves and worth to others, do not fritter their energies in talk. And if we look close to the facts of history we shall see that the really great men of the world have been silent men, Napoleon and Grant and Marconi and Edison. And a host of others, almost all. Of Moses we have but few speeches and of Jesus but a few sentences. The day has come when eloquence means what a man is, what he does, and not what he says.

Instead of being mere auditors and observers, we must learn to roll up our sleeves and work. To see a man, especially to see him at his work, helps to understand him. But to work with him is still better for him and for you. Emerson said: "What a man is, is so loud, it drowns out all he says." We are training the children to hear and to see, but we ought to teach them to do. Manual training and industrial education will help them. They will acquire the saving habit of silence, with their senses alert and at work. Conver-

sation, to be sure, is a grace and a need. When we have something to contribute to the good of our fellowman we should talk out. But is conversation right and timely while men are at the bench? The world is busy and it cannot waste time, for life is a serious job.

BEAUTY.

We say: "Beauty is only skin-deep," but that is false. Beauty is genuine, and we want it everywhere. It comes from the character, or else it is a sham, and we see through a sham quickly enough. Mere prettiness tires, but graceful, moving beauty holds us. It is said that we Americans do not care for beauty, that we are too practical to stop either to admire or to make it. And there is some justice in the criticism; American streets are monotonous and American homes are full of cheap factory things. But, after all, we too have human nature, and human nature is at its best in cheerful surroundings. We have not produced many artists, but those we have are spokesmen of joy. And joy is always beautiful.

There are those who say that we Americans are a prosaic lot and they point to our un-

adorned jars and our garish chromos. But art and poetry are bigger things than paint and decorations, and he knows us little who sees only the outside of our life. American life is full of adventure and ideals, and the serried streets of our square-lined cities teem with spirit and splendid imagination. We must not look for art in vase and statuary; look for it in souls and life. The lover of real beauty does not stop at marble and bronze; he wants to admire the elusive, gracious revelations of life. That is why love of art is so near to religion. Both face the soul.

And still, we need a revival of art in this country. Not for collections and museums, but for homes and for each one of us. We need a better taste, to make useful things prettier and pretty things more useful. Many modest homes need this enrichment and many prosperous homes need this refinement. We crowd the theaters in search for moral satisfactions, but we are often disappointed and offended. We miss beauty as we pass house after house which shoot up, under the forced magic of enterprise, like mushrooms, sharing with these only their ricketiness and not their grace. We miss it in the slovenly talk in the parlors and shops; courtesy and cleanliness in

speech is one of the arts and we ought to practice it. And we miss it among the children as much as and perhaps more than among adults, for familiarity and play are sweetened and not hindered by the finer feelings. Perhaps our schools could render us no more timely service than to give to childhood that added charm of courtesy which, in later periods of life, is the expression of the real gentleman and of beautiful womanliness.

REAL ART.

We differ as to what is art as we differ as to everything. The Greeks said art is seeing what is inevitable in life, or rather what is truthful in man. The medieval times expressed in art what is pious, and religion was its tutor. The artists of today see beauty, or what they call truth, in nature and in the common-place things about us. Sometimes they seem to think that only the coarse and naked things are the beautiful things in the world. Just as formerly men thought beautiful only that which does not exist and is imagined, and called their subjects ideal, though they knew

these were unreal and impossible. Each of these notions is a half-truth, for beauty like truth is inexhaustible.

We today admire resourcefulness. We admire genius for its possibilities, for the surprises it is likely to give us. We feel awe of nature because it is so mysterious. And we find something worth our respect even in the humblest human life because we know human nature is full of moral wonders. An artist nowadays does not see merely lines, he sees lives. He does not merely describe, he interprets. He does not report about dead men and dead things, but about the living, pulsating facts he feels in himself. He tells us nothing new and nothing rare, but rather the things we know only too well, where we are, and what we are, and what we want and what we suffer and what we are glad in and what is between us, what tears us apart and what brings us together, and the rest of the simple, sovereign facts of our life. Only he tells them frankly, truthfully and helpfully. More than the mere artist he wishes to be a man, with deep insight and with genuine sympathies. There was a time when men were artists in speech, or on canvas, or when they chiseled in marble or moulded in bronze. But today those are ar-

INTEREST.

101

tists who bring beauty into souls. And these are the greatest of them all and have the most difficult task.

The ancient Israelites declared the graven arts are low arts as compared with the high art of making life tell. Most of us have only partial knowledge and partisan interests. But the real man, as the real artist, touches life on all sides, and finds kinships everywhere. The Jew has taken part in all of culture; that is why art appeals to him. It opens the world to him and keeps him alert and warm in his sympathies. Real art is religion.

INTEREST.

We see those things only in which we are interested. Nature spreads out her abundant beauty in vain most of the time. We do not see, we do not hear except what we wish to. The snow and its white splendor dazzles us as we leave our house, and after the first few steps out in the open it becomes familiar and commonplace. We pass by the hundreds of men and women and nod to our acquaintances perfunctorily and we pick out only one of the crowd to greet and to talk to. The nightly sky

pours its golden rain upon us but who thinks of lifting his head to admire it? There is a great waste going on in this rich world, but the greatest and most deplorable waste is that of beauty. And beauty is so necessary to life! It mates men and women and holds them together. It makes attractive the things we need and gives them charm and value. The tiniest insect that crawls up the bark of trees bedecks itself with colors, and the horse that pulls a load or bends under the saddle revels in grace. The fastidious fashions of men and women and their studied dress have little to commend them as titles to character, but they are evidently an instinctive tribute to art.

As a nation, we Americans are callous to beauty and grace, and our practicality has made us prosaic. The civilization of today has become uninteresting and we live with no other zest than that of getting and keeping things. And these become ashes in our hands. Education is a fitting out not for the drudgeries but for the enjoyment and the refinements of life. Religion has a meaning not merely for the emergencies and the despairs, when the blows are struck and we are dulled, but for the exhilarations and the enthusiasms which raise the capacities of men. Friendships

are not merely contracts for reciprocal service, but influences that make life better, worthier and finer.

We do a great wrong to our children when we let them believe that we send them to school merely to learn. We send them that they shall acquire better tastes and nobler standards. They must, when they enter upon their trades and professions, see with a clearer eye and rest their vision upon more things and more persons, with more interest, more sympathy, more justice. It is a sin to ignore a real person. It is a wrong to him and a wrong to ourselves. To fail to see a fellowman is a loss. For a fellowman is a little world of drama and tragedy. And to fail to look into his heart is missing a great opportunity for broadening experience.

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